



(Historical Souvenir Poem)

OF

Centennial of Maine

1820-1920

Warren, Juliet Marion Stanley



# Maine Centennial

1820 - 1920

## Historical Souvenir Poem

BY

Mrs. Juliet Marion Stanley Warren

Portland, Maine

286558 / 33  
1.5

COPYRIGHT BY  
MRS. JULIET MARION STANLEY WARREN

1920

# Maine's Centennial

1820-1920

---

COME all ye Maine-born children to your Mother's birthday *fete*;  
She's lived a hundred years and she's surely feeling great;  
She has a glorious history; her motto is "I LEAD,"  
The truth of which is manifest in many a deathless deed.

A century has rolled away since Maine became a State,  
And changes vast have taken place, as we will soon relate;  
No more a leaning Province dependent on another,  
Yet glad that Massachusetts was so long a fostering mother.

Her mountains still point skyward, her valleys fertile be,  
Her lakes are sparkling jewels, her rivers seek the sea;  
The moose and deer and caribou still roam through dark green pines,  
Her lakes teem with the gamey trout and th' fisher casts his lines.

Yes! Time has wrought its changes; the grandsire looks in vain  
For things he saw in boyhood that he ne'er will see again;  
The lumbering old stage-coach with its prancing steeds so gay,  
The doctor's gig and saddle-bags and the wondrous "*one hoss shay*."

With slow-paced ox the farmer ploughed his fields in days of yore;  
With swinging flails he threshed his grain upon the old barn floor;  
With scythe, by hand, he mowed his grass and raked the new-mown hay,  
And laid in kegs of cider 'gainst a cold, rough winter day.

On sleds he hauled his wood felled in forest depths hard by,  
And sawed and split in proper lengths; oh! how the chips did fly!  
He tugged the back log in on which to build the open fire,  
And on the forestick piled the wood to make the flames rise higher.

Indoors the busy housewife turned the buzzing spinning wheel  
Or wove in loom the yarn and thread fresh from the card and reel;  
The girl was taught to knit her hose and sew her patchwork gay,  
And spin and weave the flaxen thread against her wedding-day.

There were quilting bees and paring bees and husking bees galore;  
The dear old-fashioned singing school where Tom took his Lenore.  
Now these gone are with tallow dip and greasy whale-oil lamp;  
Fit relics of a misty past when man was wont to camp.

Now steamboats ply along the coast and locomotives toot,  
And automobiles whiz through streets and add their raucous hoot,  
While trolley cars link town to town and electric lights hang high  
To banish darkness from the streets and light the houses nigh.

The flying machine of Darius Greene is no dream but a real thing,  
And aeroplanes fly through the air like birds upon the wing;  
The submarine can dive and rise like denizens of the sea,  
While the cable lies on the ocean bed to bring news to you and me.

The telegraph girts the globe around even to far away Cawnpore;  
New York 'phones to San Francisco on our own Pacific shore;  
The sinking steamer, by wireless, sends her S. O. S. alarm,  
And vessels speed to rescue boat and crew from further harm.

To-day th' farmer ploughs with tractor and spreads his hay with a tedder  
And rides when mowing grass down in the lower "medder";  
The factories spin and weave the cloth, and the housewife finds some time  
To store her mind with knowledge, both with prose and charming rhyme.

Maine gave her country the Washburns and Morrills; when need came  
Up rose a man of valor, Thomas Brackett Reed by name;  
She gave Fessenden, Dingley, Frye, Hale, and other men of brain,  
And 'mong them walked "the plumed knight," known by men as James G. Blaine.

Her intrepid Robert Peary first discovered the North Pole;  
After years of fruitless struggle he reached the long-sought goal;  
He stood where east and west are not; only south could he turn his gaze,  
And look in awe and wonder, lost in gratitude and praise.

From her came the poet Longfellow who has become a household name;  
The sculptors, Akers and Simmons who gained a world-wide fame;  
Sewall, Payson, Kellogg, Baker, all preached a gospel true  
And sought to lead their fellowmen to take a Heavenward view.

To missions came a Hamlin, a Bliss, a Bond, and a Lord,  
A Perkins and a Smiley, all followers of the Word.  
Full well stand out Maine's martyred girls whose awful, tragic fate  
Was writ in blood that sent them straight from earth to Heaven's gate.

Christian Endeavor was brought to Williston by Father Clark, one day,  
To teach young people how to live for "Christ and the Church" alway;  
Its influence now is boundless; its effect on the world a power  
Eternity alone can measure when time shall be no more.

List! hear the notes of maidens on whom was bestowed th' gift of song;  
Hear Carey's rich contralto, Eames' soprano full and strong;  
Hear Nordica, queenly beauty, with strains so clear and high,  
They now must add sweet music to angels' songs in th' sky.

Maine helped to save the Union when secession sought its life,  
And slavery's foul, black record brought on horrid, civil strife;  
The names of Howard and Chamberlain thrill every heart alway  
As we recall at Gettysburg their valor saved the day.

She helped rescue little Cuba from the Spaniard's savage knife;  
"Remember the Maine" was on every lip as the isle came back to life.  
Her gallant boys "went over the top" to meet the ruthless Hun,  
And left the mighty Kaiser an exile and undone.

From Maine came PROHIBITION whose father was Neal Dow;  
Grand John Hubbard signed the bill; no one now is made to bow  
At the altar of John Barleycorn whose iron rule is o'er,  
For we've National Prohibition, thanks to Maine forevermore.

For years White Ribbon women were by Mrs. Stevens led;  
They formed W. C. T. Unions to fight the Demon RED;  
With a seer's gaze she forward looked and said, "By 1920  
Prohibition will be the law in this land of peace and plenty."

Maine's Governors, for the most part, have been men of sterling worth  
Who have laboured for her interests as the best State on the earth;  
And he who fills the chair to-day, Carl Milliken by name,  
Deserves, this year historic, to win immortal fame.

God bless our Governor Milliken! a man of ideals high,  
Who stands for law and justice, for truth and sanctity,  
For real American spirit and a citizenship so fine  
He only could have learned it all from his Master, Christ Divine.

To Portland, hostess city, queen "city by the sea"  
Who looks down on Casco's islands, we give love and loyalty  
As she celebrates her Mother Maine's centennial birth-year  
And welcomes to her heart and homes her guests from far and near.

Three cheers for Maine! three times three cheers for our dear old State of Maine!  
May she live her motto, DIRIGO, and *lead* on land and main;  
May her sons be *all American*, her daughters leal and true  
To her country's flag, the Stars and Stripes, the red and white and blue.

PORTLAND, MAINE, May 31, 1920.

**University of Toronto  
Library**

---

**DO NOT  
REMOVE  
THE  
CARD  
FROM  
THIS  
POCKET**

---

**Acme Library Card Pocket**  
Under Pat. "Ref. Index File" ·  
**Made by LIBRARY BUREAU**

